

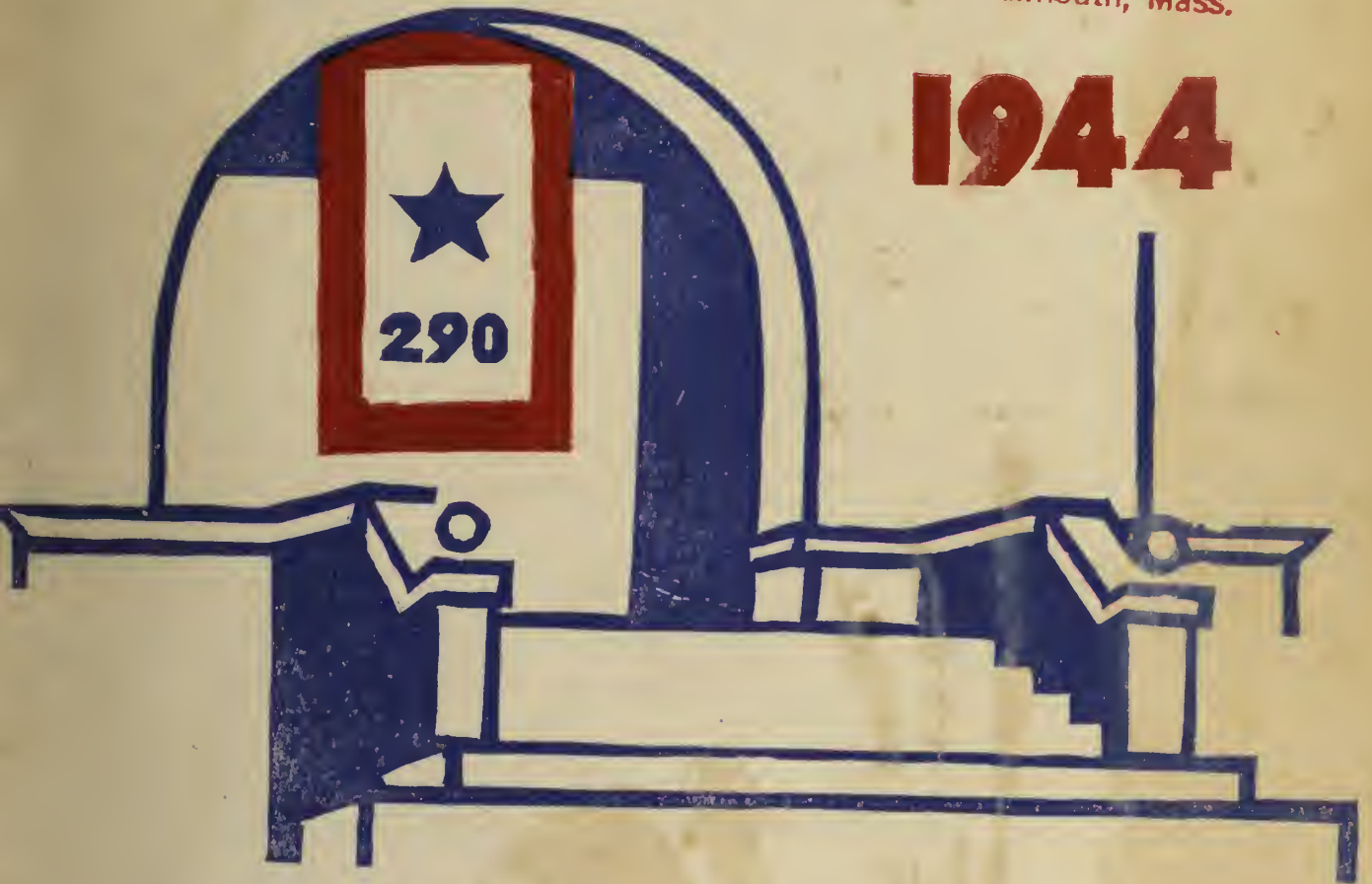
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SPRING ISSUE

LAWRENCIAN



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# THE LAWRENCIAN

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## DEDICATION

In recognition of her loyal support and efficient help in the development of the *Lawrencian*, the staff gratefully dedicate this issue to Miss Barbara Follansbee, *Lawrencian* Literary Adviser and Sophomore English instructor.

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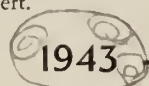
Cover design drawn and cut by Horace Van Voast, '45





*Seated, left to right:* Margaretta Brice, Mary Van Voast, Martha Redfield, Joan Spillane, Bruce Espey, Joanne Baker, co-editors; Katharine Tsiknas, Dorothy Day, Louise Fisher.

*Standing, left to right:* Hazel Holm, Elsie Carlson, Horace Van Voast, Margaret Scharff, Mildred Carlson, Beverly Stewart, Bruce Carswell, Esther Tsiknas, Anne Landers, Natalie Robinson, Frank Sisson, Doris Lumbert.



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## CAROL PETERSON NAMED "MISS VICTORY"

MISS CAROL PETERSON, an attractive popular seventeen-year-old junior, was overwhelmingly elected *Miss Victory* by her fellow students in a whirlwind two weeks' campaign which ended (oddly enough) on her birthday.

This "Junior Miss", in the lead from the start of the campaign, triumphed over her two rivals by chalking up 24,600 votes. Her runner-up was the sophomore candidate, having 14,700 votes, while the senior candidate came in third with 14,100 votes. Each subscription was worth 300 votes.

The candidates were chosen to represent what their respective classes believe to be the ideal qualities in a girl — character, personality, leadership, and attractiveness.

The juniors selected Carol Peterson as their ideal. She is a Falmouth girl and has, since the sub-primary grades, been a favorite of her class.

The sophomore class presented as their choice, the talented Patricia Bowman, another Falmouth girl whose piano playing and pleasant voice have achieved distinction.

The senior candidate was Muriel Wright, who lives in North Falmouth and is, at present, interested in becoming a secretary.

One oddity about these three girls is their similarity both in personality and appearance. Each girl is a leader in school and class activities, very popular, and very attractive. They are all on the tall, slender, light-haired and fair-complexioned side.

The Circulation Managers, Frank Carter and Murray Wilcox, who ran the campaign, announced that Esther Tsiknas and Philip Baker sold the greatest number of subscriptions, 38 and 35 respectively.

## "MISS VICTORY"

The winner of the title "Miss Victory", the junior representative, is truly an ideal American high school girl. Carol was born in the Goddard Hospital, Brockton, Mass., on Nov. 22, 1926. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Peterson of Depot Avenue. Two mem-

bers of the Peterson family are in the service, Alan in the army and Bob in the naval V-12. Carol's only sister, Janet, attends Lawrence High and is in the sophomore class.

About five feet, six inches tall, with green eyes, light brown hair, and a pleasing personality Carol is very popular with both boys and girls. Carol rates turkey as being sky-high on her list of favorite foods and her favorite sports are bowling, swimming, and diving. She likes to knit, to read fiction, and to dance also.

In school Carol is Treasurer of the Junior Red Cross Council, Assistant

Editor of the *Lawrencian*, and Social Chairman of her class. The thing Carol dislikes most about school is writing English compositions; her favorite subject is typing. Blue is her favorite color, and she likes sweaters and skirts better than other types of clothes.

After school hours, "Miss Victory" is employed as a Laboratory Assistant at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution.

\* \* \*  
CAMPAIGN RESULTS

	Subscriptions	Votes
Carol Peterson	82	24,600
Patricia Bowman	49	14,700
* Muriel Wright	47	14,100
	<hr/> 198	<hr/> 53,400







## THE BIG THREE IN U. S. NAVY

Bruce H. Espey, Co-Editor, '44

IN the war with the Japanese we have come to realize that the Navy is still, in many ways, the most important fighting force we have. In fact, we know that at such crucial times as the Battle of Macassar Straits, the only thing between Australia and the Japs was the U. S. Navy. This force, reduced in size as it was by Pearl Harbor, managed in that and following battles to break the back of the Nipponese offensive.

The point is this—a navy is no better than its officers and ships. We know that we have the best ships in the world and we are learning that we have some of the best, if not the best, officers. Knowing about these top men is worth while for every American. In the following paragraphs an attempt has been made to bring to you the lives of these big men so that you will understand a little of the temperament of these men, their persistence in achieving what they have wanted to throughout life, and their capabilities for handling the Jap in a thorough manner.

It won't be too long now (we hope!) before U. S. Battle Fleets in full splendor and with guns roaring a terrible retribution, will sail up to the very shores of Japan and under the direction of these dynamic leaders will demonstrate forcibly to the Nip that "those soft Americans" can still finish anything that they or anyone else can start and that we haven't forgotten and never will forget the "Death March" from Bataan.

### *Halsey—Comsopac* (Tactical Commander South Pacific)

"Fighting Bill" Halsey is the first that will be reviewed. Halsey received his appointment to the Naval Academy in 1900 and graduated in 1904. Seven years later he was in command of the destroyer *Flusser*; then he was transferred to command the *Jarvis*. As a destroyer commander in the World War I, Halsey learned to be rough and tough. During that time he was awarded the Navy Cross.

After the war as a Vice-Admiral, he commanded many such ships as the *Chauncey*, the *John Francis Burnes*, the *Wickes* and *Great Northern*. In 1925 he was the "Exec" on the U. S. S. *Wyoming*. He was then placed in full command of his own ship.

Within five years he was ordered to the command of Destroyer Squadron Fourteen.

"Fighting Bill" learned to fly at the age of 52 and the next two years he was in command of the aircraft carrier, *Saratoga*, now known as the "Lucky Sara," since she is the only original carrier of her class not to have been sunk in World War II. In 1939 he was made the head of Carrier Division One, Aircraft, Battle Force.

Ten days before Pearl Harbor, Vice-Admiral Halsey's orders to a carrier force sent to reinforce Wake Island were to "blow any Jap ship out of the water and shoot any Jap plane out of the air." Halsey led the now famous raid on the Marshalls and on Makin in the Gilberts. Soon after he led the attack on Wake Island; then eight days later Marcus Island came under his close attention. This last island, an important enemy supply base, took a terrific pounding. For these actions he received the D.S.M.

The announcement of his appointment as Comsopac (tactical commander of the South Pacific) was greeted with delight by all men of the fleet for, as the saying goes, he is the "sort of leader men will follow right to hell and back." Soon after this when we had occupied the Solomons, Halsey was asked, "Are we going to be able to hold the Solomons?" He answered, "Has there ever been any doubt?" This was followed within a short time by one of the greatest naval victories of the war which won him the rank of full Admiral.

### *Nimitz—Compac* (Commander of Pacific Fleet)

The second of these famous three is a steel-blue-eyed Texan of German-American descent. He is one of the Navy's best strategists and administrators. He was always near the top of his class at the Naval Academy.

In 1901 he was appointed to Annapolis and graduated four years after.

His first command was the *Panay*, which he thought was a wonderful ship. He then asked for battleship duty and was promptly put on a submarine, which at that time was hardly a "fighting service", though it soon developed as such.

Only four years out of Annapolis, he was given command of the *Plunger*, *Wharwhal*, and in 1912 the *Skipjack*, all subs. While on the *Skipjack*, he won the Silver Life Saving Medal for saving a non-swimming fireman.

Nimitz married Catherine Vance Freeman of Wollaston, Mass. She was formerly a resident of Wellfleet, Mass.

In 1919 as executive officer of the *South Carolina*, he was really starting on the road to the top. Then came service as commander of the *Chicago* for which he received the Victory Medal with Escort Clasp.

By 1925 he was aide on staff to the commander-in-chief of the U. S. Fleet. After thirteen long, hard years of work he became a rear admiral.

On December 17, 1941 he was ordered to replace Admiral Husband Kimmel who had been relieved of his command pending results of the investigation to determine those responsible for Pearl Harbor debacle.

At that time when the Pacific fleet had apparently vanished, he was asked, "What is the Pacific Fleet doing?" He invariably answered, "Hoomana wa nui," which means, "Be patient." We have been patient and the results of his command are well known.

King — *Cominch* (Commander-in-chief of the U. S. Fleets)

Admiral King is the most conspicuous officer in the U. S. Navy both as a "triple threat man"—surface, air, and submarine combat—and for his iron discipline.

To illustrate King's readiness for the present war, it is said that he was always one speech ahead of the President.

Ernest J. King was born in Lorain, Ohio, late in the nineteenth century. In his freshman year of High School he grew tired of academic life and went to work. Within a few months he regretted his decision and wanted to return to school, but his father compelled him to continue work for a full year, no doubt as an object lesson. He made up this lost year, then passed the competitive exams for Annapolis.

When he graduated in 1911, he was a cadet Lieutenant Commander and rated by his classmates as "a born leader, a fast thinker, and a great party man."

His advancement from ensign to rear admiral covered 30 years from 1903 to 1933.

In 1926 he engineered the salvaging of the *S-51* sunk off Block Island. Two years later he raised the *S-14*. For these two unusual feats he received the D.S.M. and the D.S.M. with a gold star.

At the age of forty-nine, King took up aviation. In 1930 he became captain of the carrier *Lexington*, the sinking of which is, of course, a well-known fact.

In 1905 he married Martha Rankin Egerton of Baltimore, Md. He has six daughters and one son. His daughters are referred to as "King's Boys." This title arises from the fact that Navy legend says that Ernest J. King, entered

into competition with a classmate to see who had the first son. King had six daughters and then a son, while his opponent's fifth child was a boy.

His only interest ashore is duck shooting.

He has gained a reputation for clarity and brevity in issuing orders. "Leave out the adjective" is his advice.

These following paragraphs are concise summaries concerning the character and psychological make-up of these three men.

The facts were provided by Commander A. D. Turnbull of the Woods Hole Naval Base, who spoke to us in a recent assembly. For this help we are grateful.

#### Halsey

To use a football term, he is a "Backfield Man" in every sense of the word. One of his qualities is being terribly solid, able to hit again and again with tremendous force. He is a *sailor*, a real sailor, by inheritance. His other outstanding quality is that he is a leader, a natural leader, admired and respected by all who know him even a little.

#### Nimitz

Nimitz is a tactician, a brilliant one, as he is a brilliant man, but he certainly isn't "oppressively so." He wasn't that type when he was a top scholar at the Naval Academy and he isn't that type of man. There is always that feeling of the presence of knowledge discernible to those about him.

He is a typical Texan in many ways. He has the "wide-open space spirit" that many of his fellow statesmen have. Finally he could never be called a "stuffed shirt". He would even at this critical time take a suggestion from any of his subordinates if he thought it would help win the war.

#### King

The third of this trio has terrific drive. He is a hard worker and expects results from those under him.

He has tremendous convictions which he asserts and definitely lives up to.

Lastly he is aggressive, and if ever a man with that type of mind was needed—he is needed now.

These men have a wide diversity of thoughts and methods; they are truly democratic and no one could ever accuse them of going "High Hat". The "Big Three", as a unit, complement each other in a way that will make "Tokio Joe" shake.





## STARRING OSWALD

*Margaret Scharff, '45*

A TALL, thin boy with huge, black-rimmed glasses, resting perilously on the end of his nose was slowly treading his way down the corridor of the small high school in Shagysville County. At first we couldn't tell what he appeared to be so engrossed in, until on closer inspection, lo and behold! We found it to be an encyclopedia. Then we realized he was Oswald Sparks, the senior wonder-boy. Suddenly from our witness stand, which was buzzing around the much engrossed gentleman's head, we witnessed what appeared to us to be a whirlwind. (Did I neglect to tell you that I am Sally, the fly, and with me is my friend, Dolly?) We'll take you into our confidence and tell you what that "whirlwind" turned out to be. None less than Tony Rutherford, the sophomore tom-boy. As we had heard about her and had witnessed some of her enterprises before, we were extremely curious to find out what she was up to now.

"Did you bring it?" inquired Tony of our studious acquaintance.

"Antonia, I have given it very deliberate thought and I feel it would be——"

"Aw, stop it, Oswald, you know you promised you'd let me have it," boisterously interrupted Tony.

"I know, Antonia, but there are certain restrictions to such things; why, it is very dangerous and one could become quite involved with the police officers and numerous other important officials," replied Oswald all in one breath. "I fear I must take back my promise. Now, Antonia, don't look at me in such a manner. You know it affects my brain and that is unpardonable as tomorrow I have a very important examination in literature," gulped the apparently terror-stricken chap.

"You know perfectly well if you didn't get an A in every test the whole bunch of teachers

would probably pass out," exploded Tony. "Furthermore, Mr. Sparks, you are going to bring me that birth certificate, *or else!*"

"Really, Antonia, please say faculty, not 'bunch of teachers'. You exasperate me so. I really won't be able to give you my birth certificate. It is certainly outside the law. I do not wish to be a party in your lawlessness. What would people think!"

"Don't correct me when I speak. I'll leave you with this threat upon my lips. Bring it or else!"

"Antonia, I'm quite firm and serious when I once again state that I shall not bring my birth certificate for your use," bravely retorted Oswald.

However, from our excellent grand-stand seat we could tell that poor Oswald wouldn't dare defy our daring tom-boy. Dolly and I decided to keep close to Oswald so that we would know the outcome of the little argument. We were terribly curious to know why Tony wanted Oswald's birth certificate.

Several days later we see Tony hurrying frustrated down the corridor in search of Oswald. She appears to be extremely upset about something. Oh, here comes Oswald out of the lab.

"Oswald, you've simply got to help me," commanded Tony.

"Now, what do you wish?" questioned Oswald hopelessly. "I let you have my birth certificate; what more do you want? I simply don't know what people are going to say when they find out what I have done; what do you want it for anyway?"

"Be still, Oswald, I'm talking about your birth certificate. I've lost it! You've got to help me find it. We'll have to go down into the basement to ask the janitor for all the waste paper. I know I threw it away with some waste

papers last period. We've simply got to find it," excitedly wailed Tony. "There's Mr. Knockwell, the janitor; he'll let us look through the papers. Mr. Knockwell," screamed Tony, "may we look through all the papers in the basement?"

"Wall, now let me see; I think . . . yes, I am. I'm all locked up down thar. I can't be unlocking that door now and letting you two kids mess up down thar," slowly came from Mr. Knockwell.

"But we've got to get down there. I've lost a birth certificate and I've simply got to find it," argued Tony.

"Wall, in that case I reckon I'll have to let ya down thar; but mind now, I don't want my place all messed up. Now, whar did I put that key. O, har it is! Thar ya be, go on and look fer yer certificate."

Oswald and Tony labored through basket after basket of waste papers. Suddenly—

"I believe I have located it, Antonia," mildly remarked Oswald. "O, no it is merely a caricature that some one has drawn of Miss Pinkum."

"A what?" gulped Tony. "I wish you wouldn't use such enormous words."

"I mean a picture, Antonia," answered down-trodden Oswald.



"I got it! Hurray! I've found it!" yelled Tony.

"Fine, Antonia; now I demand that you give me the birth certificate," insisted Oswald.

"I won't," said Tony in her fiercest tone.

Soon Dolly and I were practically lost in flying papers. Oswald and Tony were having a fight, each trying to get the birth certificate. Then Mr. K. came upon the scene of wild upheaval.

"Get out, both of ya! Look! what ya've done to them papers. I should make ya clean them up, but ya'd probably make it worse," stormed the angry janitor.

"All right," mildly returned Tony. "We've got the certificate and that's all that matters. Come on, Oswald, don't forget the certificate."

"But I haven't the certificate, Antonia," responded the troubled boy. "I thought you still had it."

"You've just got to have it. How do you expect to join the Navy?" inquired Tony.

"Join the Navy!" gasped Oswald. "What gave you the impossible idea that I have even thought of joining the Navy. I—, I—, I couldn't think of such a thing, Antonia. Why, think of all the dangers! My ailing health would never permit it. Good heavens! where are my glasses! I can actually see without them."

"Um-m, you look much better without those old glasses, anyway. I guess I'll have to wait until you're drafted; then won't I laugh. It would be much easier to enlist now."

"Say, perhaps I wouldn't look so bad in a sailor's uniform. Why—, why—, I rather like the idea, really I do," stuttered Oswald. "Just as soon as I graduate I shall see if the Navy will accept me. I can just see my uniform now. Antonia, you'll have to help me persuade the janitor to allow me to hunt for my birth certificate, I'll certainly need it."

"Sure I will, Oswald, and when you're in the Navy I'll even write to you and send you fudge and cake," answered Tony strangely placid.

Thus Dolly and I buzz off to see whether we can find anything else around to buzz about.

The "Squander Bug" turns pale when he hears the word sacrifice because he knows that means short rations for him. He gloats over a diet of misspent dimes, but will starve to death on War Stamps. See that he doesn't gain weight on any of your money. Buy War Bonds instead and starve him.



## THROUGH!

*Norma Barrows, '46*

"NO one must ever hear of this," muttered a bedraggled young man as he pulled himself out of Lovers' Lake: wet in body and none the less damp in spirit. "Women—bah!" He was finished! Never again!

Picture if you can, a professor: teacher of English—the King's English: rich in "larnin"—but all of it book "larnin." The ways of the world generally and of women particularly were as much a mystery to our disillusioned "inundated knight" as Mr. Darwin's theory to the man in the street. Perhaps if our Professor had remained a "man in the street" instead of assuming the role of a "man in the boat," life, in his eyes, would still be beautiful.

Enter the source of our Professor's bewilderment, one Miss Dorothy Vandercook, free, white, and twenty-four, a mind of her own and definite ideas regarding the Professor. Of course these "ideas" might have undergone a few alterations: after all, you just can't dunk a beautiful young woman in an icy-cold lake and expect the same woman to heave a sigh of rapture at the mention of your name; now can you? Maybe her ideas had become a bit less definite.

We've all heard the age old axiom: "It never rains but it pours." Gentle reader, it poured trouble on our Professor. Not from heaven, but in denial of the law of gravity and mercy—trouble enters the situation. Its name—Lancelot, eight year old nephew of the lady with the definite ideas: and Honorary Imp of Satan: and on the night of our story—"chaperon."

For weeks, maybe months: (time is unimportant where two young people are concerned) our "Knight" had watched Miss Vandercook walk past the college everyday. Often he would stand at the window of his classroom wishing and hoping that some day he would meet her—maybe take her out driving or to dinner.

Just how he did meet her is still a bit vague—but at any rate—be certain of one thing: there she was sitting in a rowboat, on a lake, bathed in moonlight.

Of course Dorothy had forgotten nothing on this picnic. A lunch basket crammed full of delicious appetizing food. Maybe she had heard of "The way to a man's heart . . ." etc. or is this too much to expect? But, as everything must come to an end, so must this pleasant description of two young people, a lake, and a lunch.

Into this chronicle I must admit the "chaperon," the obnoxious little wretch, Lancelot. Oh yes, he was there. Every troublesome inch of him; there he sat, leaning against the Professor, grinning at him—then at Dorothy—then back at the Professor.

"Time Marches On" and with each passing minute Lancelot's imagination grew wilder. Sometimes he would be Captain Kidd. Then Lord Nelson—or maybe John Paul Jones. His frigate was the rowboat—a sling shot sufficed for armament. Oh no, we hadn't forgotten to bring along a can chuck full of pebbles. Ammunition—he had aplenty!

Now how could our Professor give voice to the words in his mind, for maybe his heart was with John Paul Jones as he stood on his quarter deck waving the "cannon" in the air and shouting, "Avast you lubbers," for that was the extent of Lancelot's sea-going vocabulary. At last our Professor realized the futility of the situation and in a very disgusted frame of mind turned the "Bon Homme Richard" toward shore.

"Nobody knows the trouble I've seen—" I think it goes like that—anyway, trouble entered without a cue. A leaky rowboat was all they had—a shell marking the difference between comfort and misery.

How did it happen? Where did the hole come from? No time to figure it out now. Have to bail and bail fast! What to use for a scoop? The Professor's frantic gaze fell upon the "chaperon's" can of pebbles. In a split second Captain Jones had lost his ammunition.

Handing the can to Dorothy, the Professor sat down at the oars and started to row almost savagely.

Lady luck, you know, may frown as well as smile and frown she did. Bail, bail, bail! Down, Down, Down! Several feet from shore Captain Jones lost the "Bon Homme Richard" and its crew, the lady with the "ideas," our Professor, and the Imp of Satan who was lost in action—in three feet of water to be exact!

They struggled ashore, three dripping silhouettes. A young lady, free, wet, and twenty-four; a professor, in receipt of an education not found in books; and one "chaperon," possessed of the knowledge of having performed faithfully his duties as a chaperon.

Now our Professor stands at his classroom window: not wishing, not hoping, just plain through!



## POST — WAR PROBLEMS

Mary Jane Van Voast, '44

JOHN DOE awoke. He tried to get out of bed, but alas! he had forgotten to press the button which released him from the electric blanket. Reaching wearily over to the other side of the bed, he pushed a tiny, black button. Immediately a translucent plastic table shot out from the wall. On this table was an array of various sized buttons. John regarded them hopefully. Maybe he would find the correct one this morning. Yesterday he punched that one in the middle—the one that produced a sparkling bromide at the gentlest touch. The morning before he had nervously picked out the one that would automatically rock him to sleep. With his eyes half-shut, John punched the eighth button in the third row. This must be his lucky day. The blankets were yanked bodily from him and landed at the bottom of his bed in a neat pile. In so doing, they released a spring which caused currents of fresh air to circulate freely throughout the bed. The very first part of John's day has ended.

While being carried downstairs on the escalator, Mr. Doe begins to wonder what he would enjoy for breakfast. A poached platypus egg on toast is one of his favorite dishes. The eggs are imported daily on fast rocket ships piloted by radar from a base in Australia. Not that it actually does any good to think about what he'd like—breakfast is ready and waiting for

him when he steps into the dining-room. After being seated in a contour fitting chair by a robot, having a napkin placed on his knees, and a fork pushed into his extended hand John feels exhausted but nevertheless famished. Can he eat in peace? No! A newspaper rises from a slit in the table—direct from the news agency. It's only two minutes old but is already being replaced by a fresh edition. Trying to focus his eyes on the emerging copy, John's attention is distracted by a scene on the opposite wall of the room. There he sees a television photo of his wife and small fry busily engaged in enjoying themselves. They left New York last evening at seven for a resort in Burma. The trip lasted a little over an hour. John envies them. Burma! Just think—no automatic blankets, hair brushes, tie tiers or coffee stirrers. What a paradise it must be. He decides that he'll drop over for an hour or two this evening just to get away from it all. By this time our poor hero has given up the ghost. Really, it's pitiful to see what a skeleton he's becoming. Eating somehow doesn't seem to appeal to or agree with him. Too much mental effort, no doubt.

Mr. Doe leaves the house, steps on to a conveyor, punches 221 Wall Street, and is whisked away to his office.

This is a typical beginning to a day in the life of John Doe of the future, post-war world.



## DREAMS

Joanne Baker, '44

*I dream of peaceful meadows,  
Of a million starry nights,  
Of a wind-swept sea at sunset,  
And a mountain's lofty heights.*

*I dream of quiet forest nooks,  
Of flowers dressed for spring,  
Of the smell of burning firewood,  
And a flight of birds on wing.*

*I dream of misty films of fog,  
Of a sky of cloudy blue,  
Of the sunny sands of seashores,  
And a rainbow's benign hues.*

*I dream of showers of raindrops,  
And rippling lakes and pools,  
And all of His creations  
Made with no earthly tools.*

## THE WOODS

Bruce Carswell, '44

THE woodland is beautiful at any time of year. In the spring, the returning color to the faces of the trees, the song of the returned birds, and the fresh green grass underfoot send thrills through any nature-lover. When summer rolls around, the cheeks of the trees and shrubs fill out in health, while the birds, rejuvenated by the warm breezes and sleek, fat worms, sing to their nesting mates the day long. Next on Nature's calendar is autumn. The leaves brighten and fill the air like snow, rustling under every light breeze, and beautifying the outdoors inestimably. Here and there forlorn birds chirp wearily in their hunt for food. Wild ducks are seen now and then, ever heading south. Squirrels and woodchucks scamper busily about, always on the go, preparing their home for winter; making sure there are enough leaves to insure warmth for a cold winter, and enough food to keep them from going hungry. The chill November wind takes the place of the ever cooling fall breeze, and the trees close shop for the winter, awaiting a fresh stock of leaves which is delivered promptly every spring. Winter coats the trees in a sparkling-white garment of crystalline snow. The black-caps and snow birds and tit-mouses chirp all day long, as if they had nothing else to do. Rabbits play in the soft, yielding snow, while squirrels scold noisily from their tree perches. Now and then



one may catch sight of a lonely deer, wandering aimlessly in search of food. The trees seem strangely alone, standing barren and bare in fields of snow.

It is indeed difficult to decide which season is the most beautiful in the woods. Each has its own type of beauty, each has its own virtues and faults. I would not presume to say which is the most beautiful or the most popular. Any of them suits me because I just like the woods.

## DISGUSTING, AIN'T IT?

Agnes DeSouza, '44

THE wind was blowing,  
And it was snowing;  
The leaves were flying in whirls,  
But still the buses, taxis, and streets  
Were littered with hundreds of girls.

Not a man was in sight  
On this beastly night;  
They thought it not worth their while.  
But still these girls, giggling and thrilled,  
Into the streetcars did pile.

They argued and fought,  
The whole darn lot;  
They pulled each other's hair.  
You could surely tell by their actions, that  
They were very anxious to get there.

You may want to know  
What fluttered them so,  
When, Lo! the reason you sight  
For at the theater is a sign which states:  
"FRANK SINATRA—IN PERSON—TO-NIGHT!"

# PETUNIA THE PATRIOT

Anne Landers, '46



**I**N the year of 1944, the year of war when "Shank's Mare" is popular and rationing points are worth their weight in gold, Farmer Workall is caring for his son's prize pig. Of course, the boy should take care of it; but you know how boys are.

As Farmer Workall walks down to the barn, he begins to figure how much money he might make on the pig, and also how many ration points he could save if they killed Petunia, the pig, and ate her. But, "Drat it," he ruminates. "Here I do all the work feeding Petunia, and Jake doesn't lift his finger. And he'll walk off with the honors. Boys nowadays don't do anything for their board and keep."

After feeding all the animals, Farmer Workall goes out to the shed to see if all his tools are in order after the day's work on the farm, when he stumbles on a pitchfork in the dark. "Drat it, all that boy does is leave things around in the way. Ma", he shouts, "come and help me."

"Could I help you, Mister?" asked a voice in the dark.

"Yep," answers the farmer. "It's all my boy's fault. Boys don't know nuthin'."

"I guess you're right," answers the voice.

"Who are you anyhow?" asks the farmer.

"Oh, I'm just a tramp walking for my health!"

"Come in and have some supper."

"What," ejaculates the tramp surprised. And to himself. "This is easy, just help the old man out and you get some grub."

"Come on; what-cha waiting for!"

"Coming gladly!"

Supper over, the farmer in another spurt of generosity announces that Friend Tramp may sleep in Jake's room, and for punishment Jake must sleep in the barn.

When Jake came home after watching the glorious sunset with his girl on the shadowy lake, he finds the note. "Pajamas in hay mow—Sleep there. Room Occupied. Signed Papa."

"Gosh Sakes," Jake exclaims. "Is that the way they treat me as hard as I work. Well, I might as well try my new nest."

Next morning the tramp is again helpful, and moves on after he has taken a good look at everything on the farm.

"Where's Jake?" is the county agent's first question. As this was the day for the county agent, everything had been made ready.

"At school," growls Mr. Workall. "Learnin' more stuff to make him lazy."

"Good; that boy's smart and should go places."

"Good for nuthin', but laziness," again scolds the farmer.

"Well let's see your stock," Mr. Jones interrupts and they enter the stable.

"Thar's my old horse-shoe blinkin' in the sun. That's for good luck you know."

"Yes, I have one too," says Mr. Jones, "but let's see that prize pig of Jake's."

"All right," answers the farmer, "but Jake ain't done a blamed thing, takin' care of that pig. He's either off to school or off with his girl, Pansy."

They walk down to the pig sty, conversing on all the troubles of the war especially those concerning the poor farmer, and on reaching it, Farmer Workall shouts.

"My stars and garters! He's gone!"

"What's gone?" interrogates Mr. Jones.

"Jake's prize pig, of course!" the farmer screams. "There's my bushel of tomatoes—they have rotted too and the pig's gone. What's the use of work? My boy's lazy. My wife won't can the things I raise. The only one that works around here is me," moans the farmer.

"Skip that," answers the agent. "We've got to find the pig. Who was here last?"

"A tramp was here last night, but he wouldn't take him. Probably it's run away," sighs the farmer.

(Continued on Page 16)



## CHEMISTRY

Margaret Scharff, '45

I'M sitting in Chemistry class, musing about this mysterious, interesting subject. Suddenly I sit bolt upright. Did I hear my name being called; I'm to balance a formula?! He can't mean me. I gulp and attempt to appear as if I knew exactly what the teacher was talking about. Hastily I turn page after page in my book, all the time making a blundering attempt to balance the formula.

"Let me see now," I stutter, "put a two before the H; no, that's not right; put it before the O. No, that won't balance. I've still got too many Cl's." I simply can't balance that formula. However, I again take up the struggle. My teacher looks at me with alarm. He must think I'm very, *very* stupid. I, then, start wondering if anyone else can balance it. I'm practically at my wits end. A sudden idea strikes me. Well, why not; I've tried everything else. I can't make it any worse. I hesitatingly tell my already harassed teacher. He looks even more alarmed. I've tried anyway. Then I decide that I'll get it balanced if it takes

me all the period. I assume a very determined expression and unsuccessfully wrack my already overworked (in my opinion) brain. I wonder whose foolish idea it was to balance formulas. I should think they would have left "well enough alone." I grimly wish the poor gentleman had never been born.

However, I decide to try again and upon failing will grudgingly admit my defeat. I hardly dare dream that success will be mine. I bravely tell my teacher to put a two before the H on the right side, then assume a resigned expression. There is a sudden gushing noise like a locomotive letting off steam. Oh, it's only the other boys and girls sighing with relief. I actually, after all that mental labor, balanced the formula. I, now, feel like a great inventor or discoverer. Why I balanced that formula all by myself. My teacher is by now breathlessly sitting back wiping his dripping brow. It took me only 20 minutes to balance that formula. Chemistry is certainly an interesting subject, when an *intelligent* person, such as I, tackles it.

## A WINTER PRAYER

Anne Landers, '46

THE sun rises again on a New Year's day  
And the guns still are roaring far away:  
The air is chill, crisp, and raw;  
It is another year of war.

Our boys still are fighting to save their land  
From the oppressor and a tyrant band,  
Battling under a blazing sky  
On desert sands, and mountains high.

They are fighting for everyone, you and me,  
On the land, in the air, and on the sea;  
Giving their all for us at home.  
So let's stand behind them where'er they  
roam.

Then we'll pledge our all in this terrible strife  
So our boys may return to a vict'rious life.  
And the New Year's sun will rise again  
On a peaceful world, for God and men.



## ON GOING CAMPING

Bruce Carswell, '44

CAMPING takes you to the great outdoors —the birds singing all day, the wind rustling in the trees, the squirrels chattering in the trees (and stealing anything they can), and above all, the fresh air, heavily scented with the smell of pine needles. It takes you completely away from the monotony of home life, or the boring routine of a job. One can really relax on a camping trip, if he takes care of his equipment when pitching camp.

All sorts of people go camping. There are a great many campers who enjoy staying in bed until about ten o'clock. Others pop up an hour before sunrise and proceed to roll everyone else out of bed. There should be laws against such people. Most people never take enough food along. Me? I always take too much, but there's always someone along with me who takes too little, so I can help him out.

I once went camping with a fellow that hopped up at four a.m. to rave about the birds and the trees and the weather. We couldn't put up with him long. May his soul rest in peace!

Whenever I go camping, I throw my tent and sleeping bag into my pack and fill the rest of the room up with food. I once forgot a can opener. Eating raisins for three days proved most unappetizing. Now, however, during the war, a can opener is of almost no avail. All you can get is dried food. If you don't take enough water to mix with the dried food, just sprinkle some of the crumbs on your wrist and inhale them, like snuff.

Cocoa, coffee, and tea used to be the drinks to take on a trip. Now you can't get enough sugar for the coffee, and you can't get enough coffee anyway. Cocoa without sugar is bitter, and tea is likewise. Take a case of Pepsi Cola, if you can get it.

If you enjoy travelling, pitch your tent on a hill, with the open flaps facing down. If you find your tent next morning, let me know. I'm still looking for mine. I usually pitch my tent on the crest of a hill if it looks like rain. Once, long, long ago, I pitched it in a hollow. It rained that night. A man in a rowboat saved me next morning. My tent was never heard from again.

Your campfire is an important thing. You should dig a pit four feet by two feet by two feet deep, with a ten-foot circle cleared around it. Speaking from experience, I can tell you



it is not advisable to start a forest fire on your first trip. The warden might not appreciate your good intentions, and might not give you another permit. Wardens seem prejudiced that way.

If you go to big game country, take one or two guns along. You can't sit down and talk things over with a lynx or a cataract. You have to convince them the first time. Don't use a twenty-two on a bear, either. He would not enjoy it, and I'm sure you wouldn't.

If you should take this information seriously, you might avoid a few accidents commonly made by campers, but there is no guarantee.

\* \* \*

*Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?—A. Lincoln.*

\* \* \*

*Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—A. Lincoln.*



## FICTION

*Bruce Espey, Co-Editor, '44*

THE sun slowly came up over the jungle, and it teemed with life once more. At first, even looking carefully, nothing could be seen. Then something stirred in the clearing off to one side. At closer view it was seen to be a man, or to speak accurately, a boy. This was obvious even through the mud which covered his face.

In one way the jungle was quieter than it had been before the dawn had come. Until daybreak there had been sounds of men preparing to march (a scarce two hundred yards from where the young soldier lay), weird calls and American "homesick" songs; all of which meant Japs. David knew what was coming—an attack. He was an advance member of his unit, put out as a feeler in expectation of a new enemy move.

As he sat there, he wondered if he would stand his ground like a man or if he would be a coward and run. He remembered his Lieutenant's words, "Don't worry, son, you won't be alone. Give ground slowly and send some of the ——— to ———."

Suddenly he heard the flat, distinct crack of a Jap rifle. He thought, "That's a sniper firing at some of our men in the back lines." Then his mind wandered to all his carefully prepared defenses—the hundreds of old razor blades he had buried in the choice trees that he thought the yellow men might try to climb, and to the better than average location of his fox hole. He had chosen one of the rare clearings because like most Americans, whenever possible, he preferred to fight in the slightly open places. The Japs' favorite haunt was the densest swamp or jungle. Whenever one side or the other wished to advance it was up to them to fight in territory of his opponent's choice. Thus his selection.

All this time the intensity of the firing had increased and presently a short and rather savage looking individual emerged and started directly across the clearing. Queer thing, when he had enlisted he thought he knew the danger and sacrifice he would face, but with that creeping son of Nippon drawing near, thoughts of that Doctor's career and Mom and Dad and Nancy crowded everything else out. They were like flashing emotions on a screen. They brought sacrifice home to him—he didn't want to die.

The boy who had crouched in his hole counted to fifty, put the rifle to his shoulder,



looked out, sighted the gun, and pulled the trigger. The bullet missed the Jap by some inches. He turned and ran for the shelter of the trees. The second slug caught him in the back, breaking his spine, and that worthy member of a "super race" died as quickly as an ordinary mortal.

Then there was a nightmare of more Japs and more Japs and his empty gun—and that matter of the dropped clip. He had fumbled to get a fresh clip of cartridges into the rifle. In his haste he dropped it and his opponent was upon him. Frantically he flung the cartridge clip at his assailant. Momentarily confused, the Jap hesitated. The boy flung himself upon him, disregarding the outthrust bayonet. Bare handed conflict ended it.

The soldier released the now limp form and turned to listen to the sound of many more individuals coming through the dense undergrowth. He had almost congratulated himself on his conduct when this new sound came to his ears. He knew that the main enemy force was advancing. A new cold fear filled his heart. The odds were too great here. No one could live through them. He could stay and fight—but he was young—he wanted to live.



He sprang from his fox hole and ran for the jungle, plunged into the dense undergrowth on his side of the clearing. He heard the Japs shouting behind him. That, too, was a matter of minutes. Then he pulled himself together. He climbed a tall tree and settled down for something to happen. He was flanked by Jap patrols. He could see that.

Several thousand yards from where he was he could see American Corps men busy grouping together U. S. casualties, preparatory to transporting them back to the base hospital.

Abruptly he froze. He wanted to call out, but it would have done no good; the distance was too great. An advance enemy patrol was coming up to these wounded men in the clearing.

In a few minutes it was all over. More than fifteen American boys had died under the Jap bayonet. Of course, the wounded men had tried to resist, but that had made it all the more horrible.

David nearly fell from the tree. Nausea overcame him. It was several minutes before he could think clearly again. Surely those boys had wanted to live as much as he did, yet they

had died, resisting. They, too, had dreams like his, but they must have had other and greater ones too. Perhaps, freedom, to do those things that he himself had been thinking of, was the answer.

Freedom—a way of life—the way of a people who did not believe in this horror of war. Suddenly, the words meant something and *Freedom* was something to die for—and dying seemed almost as good as living—and necessary. His dreams and their dreams and these bigger ones were all mixed up; all part of each other. Some way now the whole thing made sense. A change came over him. He climbed down from the tree, loaded his rifle, fixed his bayonet, untaped several grenades, and set off into the underbrush—alone and unafraid.

The citation read "For Unusual Bravery." The details—those details of spent ammunition used up grenades, broken bayonet, and slaughtered enemy—were the plain trail of the avenger. They had been written among the trees for the burial crew to piece together into a tale of heroism.

## PETUNIA THE PATRIOT

(Continued from Page 12)

"Did you say a tramp!"

"Yep, a good one too."

"That's where your pig's gone," says the agent. "There's a tramp stealing things around here and he sounds like the one. We'll trace him."

With the aid of the police, they find Friend Tramp leading Petunia a few miles away in the woods. The tramp plans to take the pig to a black market slaughter house. The police catch up with him and he spends the night in a cell instead of on a pleasant farm.

The big day arrives for the County Fair; Jake dressed in his Sunday best drives off with his father to the Fair. Petunia, shining in all her glory, rides in the back of the truck.

At the close of the day the judges announce the winners of the contests.

"The winner of the hog contest is Petunia

weighing four hundred pounds, owned by Mr. Jaques Workall. Will Mr. Workall please come forward and put the blue ribbon on his pig," shouts the chairman of the judges.

Amid cheers and shouts Jake proudly accepts the honor for Petunia and himself.

To himself, Jake's father proudly utters, "His pig that I raised and he walks off with the honors. Well, never mind, I s'ppose I'll always work and never git anythin'."

Next day Petunia goes the way of all good pigs. She's killed, and because it is 1943; she dies to save ration points.

"Anyway," sighs Farmer Workall. "She had plenty of sleep and all she wanted to eat. She had a grand, good life."

"Yes, indeed," affirms Jake, "and Petunia died for her country."

And for once father and son agreed.

## FIGHTER PILOT

*Murray Wilcox, '45*

THE pilot was grinning as he stepped from his cramped storehouse of information called the cockpit. He proudly held up two fingers to his crew chief, who grinned proudly back at him. Two more swastikas would be added to the three already painted on the side of his thundering *Thunderbolt*. Already the mechanics were swarming over his tired plane.

He was quickly driven over to the squadron leader's office in the station's Jeep. In his hand he carried the camera that held the proof of his two victories. The squadron leader welcomed him, took the camera, and told him to report to the ready room.

The ready room! Already the boy had been out on a dawn patrol mission over enemy territory, gotten two F.W. 190's, gotten back in one piece, and then the ready room!

When he reached the ready room, he was met with expressions of gladness at his being back, and congratulations came "hot and heavy" after everyone heard of his success.

After a short while, in which the pilot had eaten all he could hold, the squadron leader came in with the official confirmation of the destruction of two enemy planes.

Only a few minutes elapsed before everyone had resumed his gin rummy, shooting the breeze, hangar flying, and writing of letters home.

These boys are fighter pilots, ready for anything, and ready to give up anything for the victory they know is coming. These boys are not afraid; they are American boys, young, reckless, carefree, and yet having an air of confidence about them. They are the boys who . . .

"Red and Blue sections, scramble, scramble," blares forth the loudspeaker. The ready room is now a place of turmoil. Each pilot is thinking only of getting to his plane and getting in the air. After they get in the air they will form, "teco," possibly find some Jerries, come back, if they're lucky, and again resume the same routine.

This then is the fighter pilot, wanting to get rid of Jerry first, and get home, second, but home for good.



## REVENGE

*Bruce H. Espey, '44*

**A**CROSS the moonlit steppes the quarry flees,  
The ruthless men who ignored their victims' pleas.

Behind them charges an avenging host,  
Each fiercely trying to kill the most.

No longer faced with the old and weak,  
These supermen their homeland's safety seek.

They flee in terror to no avail,  
Routed out and slaughtered where they crouch  
and quail.

The Darkness, a grim black thing,  
To the pursued will no comfort bring.

The victor's revenge is deadly violent,  
But soon the earth will be peacefully silent.

## BOOK BRIEFS

## THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKIO

Hazel Holm, '45

This is the story of Captain Ted Lawson, a young married U. S. Army flier, during the daring raid over Tokio, in which he took part, and of his rescue and return to safety with the aid of Chinese peasants after he had crashed and was badly injured.

\* \* \*

## ASSIGNMENT TO BERLIN

Anne Lawrence, '45

*Assignment to Berlin*, written by Harry William Flannery, a newspaper correspondent and radio news analyst, is a book consisting of the author's experiences and contacts with the Nazis and their harsh methods in all German occupied countries of Europe.

\* \* \*

## BATTLE FOR THE SOLOMONS

Horace Van Voast, '45

The author, Ira Wolfert, an N.A.N.A. reporter, is sent to the Solomons to record the battle between the Americans and Japanese in the South Pacific where he lives with men of the U. S. armed forces and recounts their daily struggles in fast-moving action words which make this an ace-high war story.

\* \* \*

## THE SHIP

Murray Wilcox, '45

Cecil Scott Forester, a British novelist and creator of Captain Horatio Hornblower, has here written a gripping story of the men who keep cruisers like the *Artemus* fighting despite all kinds of unbelievable odds.

\* \* \*

## DOCTORS AWEIGH

Jack Farrell, '45

Rear Admiral Charles M. Oman, a well-traveled naval doctor, relates some of his many tragic experiences as a naval doctor in World War II in this educational book.

\* \* \*

## BOMBS AWAY

Frank Sisson, '45

With the aid of an army pilot, John Steinbeck, an American author, wrote and described fully in *Bombs Away* the important incidents in the life of an army air corps pilot from the time of his induction until his first bombing mission.

## GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Richard Bourne, '45

Col. Robert Scott's *God Is My Co-Pilot* is the story of one man's struggle to learn how to fly in peacetime America, of his fight to get across the Atlantic in the war, of his battles with the Japs, and of the sacrifices and hardships encountered while doing his part.

\* \* \*

## GUADALCANAL DIARY

Beverly Stewart, '45

Tregaskis, an International News Service correspondent, went ashore with the first assault wave of marines in their landing on Guadalcanal and set down an eye-witness, day-by-day account of the fighting in the book called *Guadalcanal Diary*.

\* \* \*

## INDIA'S PROBLEM CAN BE SOLVED

Natalie Robinson, '45

A possible solution to the important Indian problem has been offered in this timely book by Deivett Mackenzie, a newspaper correspondent, who has been in India often and knows such important Indian leaders as Gandhi.

\* \* \*

## THE RAFT

Frank Carter, '45

Robert Trumbull, the crack newspaper reporter, who lived with Dixon, Aldrich, and Pastula throughout their convalescence so that he could write this exciting book, told of the harrowing experiences the trio endured during their 34 days in an 8' by 4' rubber life raft on which they lived in cramped quarters during their 1000 mile trip after their plane had crashed in the Pacific.

\* \* \*

## YEAR OF THE WILD BOAR

Esther Tsiknas, '45

After spending eight months living in Japan, studying their customs and habits, speaking to poor farmers, middle-class people, and business men — Helen Mears finally concluded that the entire Japanese civilization was a technique for evading reality and that the people, as a whole, went about their business without showing any pleasure or distaste to anything that went on around them.



# EDITORIALS



## ARE YOU DOING ALL YOU CAN?

*Joan Spillane, Co-Editor, '44*

WILL Easter, 1944, find us, the people on the home front, engaged in making the dreams of our fighting men come true—the dreams of all the fighting servicemen that the misery and suffering brought by this war will soon end; the dream that preserves their rights and freedoms that they may proudly declare themselves Americans? Amid the roar of cannons and bombs bursting in air, our fighting men have but one thought in mind, "*Let's finish this quickly and go Home.*"—Home, that wonderful word, that is music to our ears; Home, where the fondest memories are seated; Home, the refuge from fear and evil; Home, whether it be one room or ten, it still symbolizes the American Way!

## THOSE FIRST AMERICANS

*Bruce H. Espey, Co-Editor, '44*

IN these times of strife it is interesting to find out what the original inhabitants of this country are doing to defend the land that was once theirs and still is. Their ancestors knew what it meant to fight for their freedom against overwhelming odds and to see their land ravaged.

Today these Red brothers of ours have the best service record in the country. Over forty per cent of all male members of the Indian race over eighteen years of age are in the armed forces and have already established an enviable record. In the last war this was also true. This is a prime example of Democracy and what we're fighting for. We should be proud of these *real* Americans.

## APPRECIATION

*The Staff*

THIS is to express the appreciation of the pupils of the Lawrence High School for Miss Arenovski's continued service and comradeship.

Have you ever noticed at the basketball games that she is always on the sidelines? That's being a pal! You are apt to notice her often, too, in one of the easy chairs we bring in for the dances. When we need a chaperone, that's a friend.

She has devoted untold time to the development and successful publications of our school magazine. The *Laurencian* has always been one of the best in its class, thanks to her untiring efforts. Every grateful staff in the past has known that. The present one acknowledges it too. Her yearly trip to the C.S.P.A. convention has given numerous students an experience they will never forget, and the work involved in arranging these trips must be considerable.

"When you want anything done, ask a busy person," the old saying goes, and as a result we all ask Miss Arenovski for help in this or that venture.

In these times we are fortunate, indeed, in having such a progressive and talented teacher.

Patience is a virtue! Loyal subscribers, you have had lots of it. We hope you find this issue worth waiting for!

\* \* \*

Look around, girls! This is Leap Year! "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"—so they say.

## A TYPICAL AMERICAN

Bruce Espey, Co-Editor, '44

**B**ENJAMIN FRANKLIN was one of the men to shape the democratic thoughts of a young country. He still furnishes an example and puts into our mouths the exact words and thoughts of that same nation as she struggles today to keep our democracy intact and to spread its spirit among the nations of the earth.

Franklin was born January 17, 1706 in Boston, Mass., of English stock. His father was a tradesman with definite ideas about honesty and learning. These ideas he passed on to his son, his gifted son, who carried them further and added more of his own.

Josiah Franklin was more important than school in the education of the boy. He believed that learning consisted, not alone of set studies, but in being abreast of the current events of the time, of mastering a trade or trades, in having physical prowess. He tried to have some useful and interesting discourse at meals or a guest with worthwhile thoughts to share. The children, Benjamin among them, listened. The father taught him his own tallow maker's trade and then apprenticed him to his brother, who was a printer. The boy was allowed to handle a boat while very young and learned to have no fear of the sea. This latter fact was to stand him in good stead in his many trips abroad in later life. One of the ideas which Josiah instilled in the boy was that, if even a plain man were honest and prosperous in trade, he has a sort of freedom. Even men of high caste and privilege could not easily resist a man of money; if they did he could disregard them or even look down on their empty rank. It was a mildly revolutionary idea at that time.

Benjamin Franklin had what has been called "the most insatiable and acquisitive young mind in America." He absorbed the early ideas around him. At seven he began to write verse. Upon his father's suggestion, he changed to prose. He mastered his printer's trade. Through these steps a writer was made. He went to school at times, but was mainly self taught. He made no mark with studies until he later mastered those or kindred subjects, alone. Then he used his former studies as "steppingstones in reverse" to explain what he had acquired himself.

Here in one person were rolled together prophet, revolutionary statesman, diplomat, scientist, wit, and sage. His sense of prophecy might be called combined good sense and deduction; but prophet he was. His revolutionary

statesmanship had its beginnings at home. Perhaps, his rare diplomacy was born with him, as it is born with most great diplomats. It was augmented by years of observation and experience and his shrewd and studied knowledge of men. He was almost untaught in science yet "to scientists from the first he seemed a master." He was a wit—and he was a sage.

Nothing seems to have been left out of this man who was democracy incarnate—a symbol that as a tradesman's son could rise to high realms in which he had no peers; so could, and should many others, were they able to live under a republican form of government.

Perhaps above all, the words of Franklin, the sage, mean most to us today, mean as much as when he wrote them—"The eyes of Christendom are upon us, and our Honor as a people is become a matter of the Utmost Consequence to be taken care of. If we give up our Rights in this Contest, a Century to come will not Restore to us the Opinion of the World; we shall be Stamped with the Character of Poltroons & Fools—Present Inconveniences are, therefore, to be Borne with Fortitude, and Better Times expected."

## WHY BUY BONDS?

Solange Saulnier, '44

**T**HE reason that we pray the hardest today is "That peace may be restored to all nations, and that men may live again in amity and friendliness." Today in this war torn world men can't live in amity and friendliness, because when there's war there's hate. We, of high school age, can remember the luxury and glamor of peacetime living; therefore, we should be willing to do all we know how to do to win it back.

"And that the gifts of reason and intellect which God has blessed us may be no longer used for His denial and our destruction, but for His glory and our restoration too, and preservation in peace." If our great geniuses with all their intellect could concentrate on something for peacetime living rather than on a more powerful war weapon, we would all be much happier.

So remember, add an extra one hundred dollar war bond to your peace prayer and we shall have victory soon.

(Quotations from "The Catholic Prayer for Peace.")

## YOUR JOB TOMORROW

Martha Redfield, '44

ALL the widely-read publications are today filled with rumors and vague suggestions about the post-war world, such as: (1) We shall convert industry right back to constructive production, once the destruction is over. That is one common theme. We shall develop wonderful new industries. We shall enter the age of flight. (2) We shall feed the world. (3) We shall form a world government and a world police. (4) Our standard of living will ascend to new heights. The housewife of tomorrow will place her dinner in transparent-walled ovens and other automatic kitchen units; adjust dials and flip switches; then hop into the family helicopter. After picking up her husband from his office in Boston and her son from his classroom at Hartford, she will return home to Gifford Street and put supper on the table.

Well, what do you think about it and what are you going to do about it?

The annual rebirth of the world of nature is

a push-over. While you sit back on your haunches, mouth hanging open, occasionally muttering, "Chee, ain't it wunnerful?", the crocuses spring up and bloom all of their own accord.

Not so the forthcoming rebirth of the world of men. Nothing will come of our beautiful dreams unless lots more people settle down to the nasty and unaccustomed business of *thinking*. All the available trained brains and a few more will be required for the planning, designing, organizing, and supervising.

We live in a democracy. Every adult has the power to vote. This voting will ultimately determine our course after the war. Who are the truly wise and capable brains? Which are the soundest plans? Every man and woman will have to think these things out, for the final decisions rest in their ballots.

Who, did I say? Why, you and you and I and yes, fellow student, *you*.

You must help to do these things. That is a responsibility. You can prepare yourself, here, in high school.

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## WOMEN IN THE WAR

Joanne Baker, Co-Editor, '44

UNTIL this very minute, I have not thought of taking any active part in this war. Certainly, I have bought and sold Stamps and Bonds and danced with servicemen at the U.S.O. I have collected waste paper and felt the pinch of war in ways that everyone else does. Until recently, though, it has not been personal. I have done these things just because everyone else was doing them.

I have grumbled about the inconveniences of war and prayed it would be over soon, because I did not like it. I have known what was going on about me, but I neither wanted nor tried to understand it. Instead, I have tried to avoid the realities of war as much as possible. I have tried to convince myself that because I was a girl I would not need to participate in bringing about its end. Now I have changed. There are several things which have made such an impression on my mind that, even though I have tried to ignore them, I can not.

I am sick of going to the movies and seeing the battle-fire, the wasted land, and the corpses. I am sick of turning on the radio and hearing about taxes for this and that, and new ration books, and the want of help in all kinds of industry. I am sick of reading about the horrors of going into first battle, about the tor-

turing of war prisoners, about the sorrowing anguish of folks when they are told their sons are dead.

I have come to the conclusion which all of us must soon realize. Everyone—women as well as men—must take an active part in this struggle if we wish to rid ourselves of this horrible war. Girls should find positions which will make them just as valuable to their country as boys. It may be nursing—there is the Red Cross, the Army Nurse Corps, the Navy Nurse Corps, and the new training for Cadet Nurses. It may be replacing a serviceman for active duty—girls over twenty may join the WAC, the WAVE, the Marine Corps, or the SPAR. It may be teaching—hundreds of young girls and women are conducting nursery schools to care for children of busy mothers, and there must always be teachers to educate the young people. It may be working in a war plant or taking a man's job. There are women plumbers, women conductors, women doctors, and even women mechanics.

It has been said many times that women's place is in the home—and so it is, in ordinary times, but these are no ordinary times. This is war. Women are playing and now must play a more definite part in our fight for victory.



## CURRENT EVENTS POLL

### 1. Do you think the war with Germany will end in '44?

	Yes	No	Undecided	Total
Boys:	30	33	4	67
Girls:	43	48	8	99

### 2. Should young men of 18 be given the right to vote on the basis that if they are old enough to fight they are old enough to vote?

	Yes	No	Undecided	Total
Boys:	45	21	1	67
Girls:	72	27	2	99

### 3. Should a new "League of Nations" be set up to govern the Post-War World?

	Yes	No	Undecided	Total
Boys:	34	28	5	67
Girls:	52	34	13	99

### 4. Should a new system be evolved for World Control?

	Yes	No	Undecided	Total
Boys:	49	13	5	67
Girls:	42	40	17	99

### 5. Do you think Roosevelt will be elected in '44 if he chooses to run?

	Yes	No	Undecided	Total
Boys:	51	13	3	67
Girls:	75	14	10	99

### 6. Would you favor MacArthur's running for Presidency in '44?

	Yes	No	Undecided	Total
Boys:	10	55	2	67
Girls:	28	64	7	99

### 7. Do you believe there should be compulsory military training for high school students after the war?

	Yes	No	Undecided	Total
Boys:	45	18	4	67
Girls:	63	30	6	99

## DID YOU KNOW THAT?

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1944, the Government needs 98 billion dollars? 57 billion of this must be borrowed?

The war is costing us about \$250,000,000 per day, \$175,000 per minute, and \$3,000 per second?

National income for fiscal year of '44 is to total \$148,000,000,000?

More than 55,000,000 Americans now own War Bonds?

Four-fifths of the nation's income is earned by people in the \$5,000-or-less bracket? Responsibility for checking inflation rests with them?

The Civil War cost \$4,006,000,000? The first World War cost \$33,455,000,000? This war is costing about \$90,000,000,000?

A bond dollar is used as follows:

\$ .19 for aircraft
.12 for ground ordnance and signal equipment
.10 for navy and army vessels
.04 for merchant ships
.11 for miscellaneous munitions
.14 for war construction
.25 for non-munitions war items (pay, ets. for armed forces)
.05 for non-war uses.

Consumer expenditures are up over last year 104% on furs, 65% on coats and suits? These figures are prior to Christmas shopping spree.

There will be only about 90 billion dollars worth of consumer goods and services?

Individuals must therefore save (or lose to higher prices) about 36 billions?



### 100% L.H.S. CONTRIBUTION TO RED CROSS

**S**TUDENTS, teachers, and personnel of L. H. S.—100 per cent strong — “gave more in ‘44” to the American Red Cross War Fund and topped their \$100 goal after only one week of the campaign had ended.

Each class gave generously from its treasury: seniors, \$10.80; juniors, \$12.00; sophomores, \$5.00, while each home room sports a “We Gave 100%” sticker.

Under the direction of Junior Red Cross President Anne Lawrence, the other officers, Carol Peterson, Muriel Wright, Louise Erskine, Anne Landers, and Dorothy Day, have efficiently collected donations from each home room. Miss Arenovski is high school chairman for the drive.

With donations still coming in, it is hoped that the high school will pass the \$150 mark.

### EDITORS ATTEND C.S.P.A. CONVENTION

**A**S the magazine goes to press, four *Lawrencian* delegates, Co-editors Joanne Baker, Bruce Espey, Joan Spillane, and art editor Louise Fisher, accompanied by *Lawrencian* adviser Kathleen Arenovski, are attending the Twentieth Annual Columbia Scholastic Press Association Convention held in New York on March 23, 24, 25.

The third wartime convention has chosen for its theme *Working for Victory and Planning for Peace*, showing that student editors are looking ahead to the future, though they will continue to support every effort that will help bring victory soon.

As usual, many well-known speakers will address approximately two thousand student editors from all parts of the country.

Miss Arenovski will speak, for the third time, at one of the sectional meetings on the subject “Interesting Magazine Features.”

### CERTIFICATE LIST

September-October, 1943

#### Seniors

Agnes De Souza Elizabeth Fernandes

#### Juniors

Frank Carter Anne Lawrence  
Natalie Robinson James Rogers

#### Sophomores

Elsie Carlson Mildred Carlson  
Dorothy Keeler Ann Landers

Emma Pantton

### HONOR ROLL

November-December, 1943

#### Seniors

Agnes De Souza Elizabeth Fernandes

#### Juniors

Victoria Simons Anne Lawrence

### CERTIFICATE

#### Seniors

Ruth Carlson Martha Redfield  
Joan Spillane Catherine Tsiknas

#### Juniors

Frank Carter Loretta Murray  
Margaret Neal Carol Peterson  
Natalie Robinson Beverly Stewart

#### Sophomores

Mildred Carlson Louise Erskine  
Dorothy Keeler Ann Landers

Emma Pantton

### HONOR ROLL

January-February, 1944

#### Seniors

Elizabeth Fernandes Mary Jane Van Voast

#### Juniors

Loretta Murray

### CERTIFICATE LIST

#### Seniors

Ruth Carlson Carolyn Crabtree

#### Juniors

Frank Carter Margaret Neal  
Natalie Robinson Victoria Simons

#### Sophomores

Dorothy Keeler Ann Landers

## ASSEMBLIES

EARLY in November a group of seniors turned up in Mr. Marshall's office.

"Mr. Marshall," they said, "so many students now have jobs after school that extracurricular activities have mostly died out. Couldn't we have more assemblies in school hours to make up for this?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Marshall. "You provide the programs and I'll arrange for the time and the use of the auditorium."

An assembly committee consisting of Joan Spillane, Joanne Baker, Solange Saulnier, and Martha Redfield, seniors; Beverly Stewart and Frank Carter, juniors; Arlene MacDougall and Phillip Baker, sophomores; was formed to take charge of presenting a series of civil, social, and seasonal assemblies during the year.

\* \* \*

Oh, for the life of a WAC! That was our thought when we gathered in the auditorium on Armistice day to hear Cpl. Jane Shaw of the Women's Army Corps recount the work of the corps at Camp Edwards. Another popular speaker that day was Lt. Loretta Slate of the Army Nurses Corps, who related many interesting facts about the Nurse Cadet Corps and the soldier hospital at Camp Edwards.

\* \* \*

The Thanksgiving assembly was more solemn. Proclamations, hymns, speeches, poems,—these reminded us of our many blessings. The big event, in the estimation of many, was drawing the winning turkey raffle ticket. A sophomore, Doris Lumbert, was the lucky girl who won the fourteen pound bird!

\* \* \*

To celebrate Christmas, we had a carol singing session. The orchestra performed two selections. The glee club also gave a special arrangement of *Joy to the World* and of *O Little Town of Bethlehem*.

## WAR BOND RAFFLE

A TWENTY-FIVE Dollar War Bond went to Bill Sullivan, a Senior, as an unexpected Christmas gift, on December 20 when the Junior Class brought to a close its successful Bond raffle.

Members of the Ways and Means Committee who were responsible for this first financial venture of the Junior Class are: Horace Van Voast, chairman, Ruth Weeks, Esther Tsiknas, Anne Lawrence, Beverly Stewart, Paul Dingwell, and Murray Wilcox.

## JUNIOR RED CROSS

CHRISTMAS gifts, magazines, and coat hangers for the U.S.O., magazines for the Camp Edwards hospital, over a ton of scrap paper for the scrap drive, enough wool squares to form an afghan—all these have been collected by our "up-and-at-'em" Junior Red Cross. On Armistice day an army of girls willingly crocheted the edges of the woolen scraps with bright wool. Every serviceman entering the Falmouth U.S.O. on Christmas day was given a gayly wrapped gift thanks to the efforts of this committee which includes Anne Lawrence, president; Muriel Wright, secretary; Carol Peterson, treasurer; Dorothy Day, Lilly Erskine, Ann Landers, and Miss Helen Allen, faculty advisor, and many other clubs and town organizations.

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## STUDENT COUNCIL

THE L.H.S. Student Council which has been re-organized under the presidency of Vincent Duffany, formally launched into action with an assembly early in the year, in which each member spoke about one activity of the Council.

Each week the Council prints a bulletin which includes announcements of games and dances and suggestions for improving the school, submitted by the students. Movie assemblies and Current Events Quiz programs will soon be underway also.

Members are: Vincent Duffany, President; Agnes DeSouza, Secretary; Barbara Bourne, Elwood Eldridge, Carol Peterson, Elliott Young, and Elsie Carlson.

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## JUKE-BOX DANCE

A JUKE-BOX at "the corner drug store" provided swing music for those enthusiastic Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors who came to the first social affair of the season sponsored by the Junior Class on Friday, November 19.

The members of the Social committee who planned the dance are: Carol Peterson, chairman; Esther Tsiknas, Anne Lawrence, Beverly Stewart, Natalie Robinson, Margaret Scharff, Rose Moniz, and Jack Doyle.

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Attractive felt L.H.S. emblems are being sold to students by the seniors, the profits of which they gave to Red Cross Fund.



## "MISS VICTORY" CANDIDATES



PATRICIA A. BOWMAN

### SOPHOMORE RUNNER-UP

THE Sophomore class representative, Miss Patricia Bowman, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Bowman and was born in Boston on February 27, 1928. Her one sister, Brenda, attends the elementary school in Falmouth.

Usually called *Pat* by her friends, she is about five feet and six and a half inches tall with blue eyes, light brown hair, and a carefree manner. Her favorite subject is typing and she too likes sweaters and skirts and the color blue best.

Pat's school activities include being a member of the Glee Club and a *Laurencian* Home Room Representative.

Her interests outside of school include music and horseback riding. She states that she loves steak and French fries, her taste in reading centers around nature novels, and she prefers summer sports.

Miss Bowman is a talented pianist and has a very pleasing voice.

### SENIOR CANDIDATE

USUALLY called *Murry* by her friends and mates, Miss Muriel A. Wright, the senior class representative, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Wright of North Falmouth. Muriel was born on July 29, 1926 in North Falmouth; soon after, the family moved to Buzzards Bay but came back to Falmouth when she was in the fourth grade. The baby of the family, she has two older sisters and a brother.

*Murry* is about five feet and five inches tall, has blue eyes, blonde hair and above everything else likes people to be on time! Her favorite subject is stenography; she likes to roller skate best and after this sport she prefers basketball.

In school Muriel is secretary of the Junior Red Cross Council, a member of the Glee Club, and is on the *Laurencian* Advertising Staff. Her favorite pastimes include collecting her friends' pictures, reading mystery stories, and going to football games. She also likes to eat steak and to wear sport clothes.

After her graduation this spring, Muriel plans to attend business school.



MURIEL A. WRIGHT

Handwritten notes at the bottom right of the page:

44  
2/6/28

44  
2/6/28

## Glee Club, Piano Club, and Orchestra Reorganized

**R**ENEWED interest in Music has sprung up this year due to the efforts of our energetic music supervisor, Miss Margaret Mullen. Remember the large attendance at her Debussy Concert in January? Six talented young performers from Brockton played "Gradus ad Parnassum," "The Toy Elephant," "Serenade to the Doll," "The Storm," "Shepherd's Song," and "The Golliwog Cake Walk." Also well received were their encores, which were all by Polish composers.

Three music groups have been organized in High School. Scales, duets, and the writing of music are being mastered by Esther Tsiknas, Carrie Oliver, Jean Hubbard, and Frank Sisson, who are in the piano class.

The glee club performed two selections at Christmas celebrations and is now preparing a program for graduation exercises. Its members are: Jean Backus, Joanne Baker, Pat Bowman, Ed Burgess, Jean Cobb, Dot Day, Edith DeMello, Veronica DeMello, Agnes DeSouza, Jack Doyle, Vincent Duffany, Elizabeth Fernandes, Ruth Carlson, Rose Moniz, Jean Hubbard, Solange Saulnier, Joan Spillane, Martha Redfield, Beverly Stuart, Catherine Tsiknas, Muriel Wright, Bill Sullivan, Peggy Scharff, Natalie Robinson.

Another participant in Christmas and Graduation exercises is the orchestra. A very impressive array of instruments was produced for this organization. The violin section includes

Ann Dexter of Hall School and Charlie Hatzikon. The woodwinds are Ruth Carlson, clarinet, and Martha Redfield, recorder. Bob Dimmock, cornet, Ann Carlson, saxophone, and Bill Fischer, alto horn, comprise the brass section. Percussion is taken care of by Ann Landers and Jane Hubbard. Esther Tsiknas, Catherine Tsiknas, and Carrie Oliver play the piano scores.

### SENIOR GIRLS ENTERTAIN MIDSHIPMEN

**"ANCHORS AWEIGH"** was the theme of the dance at the Hall school gym on the 25th of February given by the senior girls and alumnae for the midshipmen from the Massachusetts Maritime Academy at Hyannis.

Life savers, anchors, and a rugged gangplank gave the nautical background to the orchestra which was encircled by ship's rigging and sea bells.

The group found the novelty dances, which included a "Conga," "Hot Dog Dance", "Balloon, Number and a Heart Dance, both amusing and entertaining.

Ten ninth graders, acting as bus boys and waitresses, assisted with the serving of refreshments.

Chaperons for the occasion were Principal Russell B. Marshall, Miss Helen G. Allen, Mrs. Alfred C. Redfield, and Mrs. Katherine Spillane.



LHS GLEE CLUB

### D.A.R. REPRESENTATIVE

**B**ECAUSE of her good sportsmanship, citizenship, and winning personality, the seniors elected Miss Joanne Baker as their delegate to the D.A.R. convention to be held at the Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston early in March. Joanne, one of the most popular girls in the school, has participated actively in all school and class functions. This year she is Vice President of her class and is also Co-editor of the *Laurencian*. Her plans for the future are undecided, although she has thought of teaching. Whatever she chooses we cannot help but feel that she will be successful if she displays the same characteristics and leadership that have been so prominent during her school training.



Carolyn Crabtree, Agnes De Souza, Vincent Duffany, Joanne Baker.

### SENIOR CHRISTMAS DANCE

**C**AROL singing and a lighted Christmas tree were the main attractions of a Christmas Dance, sponsored by the Seniors at the gym on December 17.

Mr. Baker and Mrs. Carswell were chaperons and refreshments of cake and coke were served. No great profit was made, but everyone had a fine time.

### MASQUERADE SPONSORED BY SENIORS

**T**HE main feature of the first Senior dance, held in the Hall gym on December 3, was E. Studley's four piece orchestra, which attracted a large crowd.

The gym was decorated in red, white, and blue streamers. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Baker, Mrs. Arthur Harper and Mrs. Espey chaperoned. Refreshments were served and several novelty dances were enjoyed.

### DANCE ASSEMBLIES

**S**OMETHING new, in the way of recreation, has been found in the form of dance assemblies which are held every other Saturday night in the Hall gym for senior and junior high students.

For the first hour, Mrs. Lillian Howard gives instructions in dancing; and then the students are allowed to choose partners and dance. The object of these dance assemblies is to teach students, who can't dance, to dance. Thus far, these assemblies have been well attended by both the younger and the older students.

Graduation plans are now well underway.

### SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

*President* — Vincent Duffany  
*Vice-President* — Joanne Baker  
*Secretary* — Agnes De Souza  
*Treasurer* — Carolyn Crabtree

### SENIOR SERVICE HONOR ROLL

Harry Pierce	John Thompson
Leonard Fonseca	Lawrence Harlow
Russell Palmer	Charles Borden
Milton Soares	Hollis Bragdon
Howard Ellis	William Cantwell
Jehial Fish	Russell Hall
William Sullivan	Frank Macedo
Joseph Brown	Henry Meyer
William Lopes	George DeMello
Fred Jonas	Anthony Ferreira
Henry Lopes	Frederick DeMello

The Outlook Club has invited four Senior girls to come to each of their meetings throughout the year.

Martha Redfield has left to begin her freshman year at Oberlin College. Everyone will miss her dry humor and clever wit. Good luck, Martha!

Several members of the Senior Class enjoyed a roller-skating party at the rink in Buzzards Bay on January 19. Everyone had such a grand time that we are planning to go again soon.

Many farewell parties have been given throughout the year for those Senior boys leaving for the armed services.

Seniors and Juniors are planning earnestly for their Prom, to be held early in April.



## JUNIOR LEAP-YEAR DANCE

"GRAB YOUR MAN" was the familiar by-word before the Leap-Year Dance, sponsored by the Junior Class on January 29 at the Hall school gym.

Dance programs with brightly colored balloons on the front were given to each couple. One of the highlights was the "Heart" dance. Each boy was given a red numbered heart, each girl a white, which they matched for the dance.

Janet Carl and Eleanor Barry entertained with a tricky jitterbug dance, after which refreshments of cokes, cake, cookies, and sandwiches were served.

Members of the social committee who planned the dance are: Carol Peterson, Chairman, Elwood Eldridge, Jack Doyle, Natalie Robinson, Peggy Scharff, Rose Moniz, Anne Lawrence, Beverly Stewart, and Esther Tsiknas.

The chaperons were: Mr. and Mrs. Russell Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harper, Miss Kathleen Arenovski, and Miss Helen Lathrop.

## ALUMNI NEWS

Samuel T. Cahoon, class vice-president and "Mr. Lawrencian", '42, is stationed at the United States Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N. Y., where he is studying engineering.

\* \* \*

Robert W. Peterson, *Lawrencian* photographer, '42, '43, and popular member of the senior class of '43 is studying at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., under the V-12 program of the Navy.

\* \* \*

Leroy S. Davis, Lawrence High-Lites Aviation Editor, and youngest member of his class, having finished his first college year at Dartmouth College in February, has entered Naval Aviation with the V-5 at Dartmouth.

\* \* \*

Durham Caldwell, who was last year's *Lawrencian* Co-Editor, senior honor student, and the boy chosen by his fellow classmates to have his name cast in bronze on the Henry H. Smythe tablet, 1943, has just completed a successful year at Columbia University and expects to be called into the A-12 (A.S.T.R.P.) before May.



LAWRENCIAN BUSINESS STAFF

Seated, left to right: Muriel Wright, Carrie Oliver, Frank Carter, Elizabeth Fernandes, Agnes DeSouza, Carolyn Crabtree, Murray Wilcox, Esther Tsiknas, Mary Marchisio.

Standing: Harry Pierce, Lois Baker, Norma Barrows, Loretta Murray, Patricia Bowman, Lilly Erskine, Carol Wright, Dorothy Crocker, Jane Hubbard, Philip Baker.



*Seated:* Beverly Stewart, Esther Tsiknas.  
*Standing:* Elwood Eldridge, Frank Carter.

### JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

*President* — Elwood Eldridge  
*Vice-President* — Beverly Stewart  
*Secretary* — Esther Tsiknas  
*Treasurer* — Frank Carter

### JUNIOR SERVICE HONOR ROLL

Alden Stewart	Theophilus Moniz
Robert Palmer	Reginald Irving
Edward Pierce	George Towers
Hurlburt Bailey	Ralph Mederios
Robert Booker	Marshall Cross
George Grace	John Brackett

### JUNIOR NEWS

Some familiar faces are missing this year in the Junior class:

*Marilyn Mullen* and *Ruth Waters* are finishing their high school years at Northfield Seminary. *Peter Ellis* and *Campbell Lawrence* are at military schools, Manlius and Staunton Military Academies, respectively; while *Arthur Williams* is attending Loomis Preparatory School in Connecticut.

Many junior boys and girls are sporting very good-looking class rings that they bought early in the school year.

More than 120 junior and senior high school students enjoyed the novelty of a Leap Year Dance given by the juniors and considered the best social event of the year.

Supporting the Fourth War Loan Drive, the juniors "Let 'Em Have It" by buying their second \$50 bond for the school.

At their regular March meeting the juniors voted to give to the Red Cross War Fund \$1 for each of its members in the armed services.

Home court basketball games found a committee of junior girls busy selling "cokes" to the crowd between halves. A most profitable project!

A Food Sale recently sponsored by juniors helped swell their treasury again.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

*President* — Elliott Young  
*Vice-President* — Harvey Holden  
*Secretary* — Anne Landers  
*Treasurer* — Arthur Carlson

### SOPHOMORE SHORTS

Activities in the sophomore class got off to a slow start in high school. Adjusting ourselves to high school and home work took up a great deal of our time.

Sophs went into action by ordering class rings from Balfour's before the 1944 deadline.

A Social Committee, headed by Dorothy Donnelly, took charge of a well-planned "Hick Hop" at which the girls had the upper hand over the boys again.

Sophs "backed the attack" during the Fourth War Bond Drive by buying a \$25 bond for the school.

A sophomore Ways and Means Committee has sold "coke" to the students during lunch hour.



Elliott Young, president; Anne Landers, Secretary; Arthur Carlson, Treasurer.

## NEWS FROM BOYS IN THE SERVICE

WILLIAM H. THAYER, S 1/C  
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Bill has been attached to the Naval Air Maintenance Ordnance for eleven months now. At present he has the duties of an Aviation Ordnance man.

In regards to how he likes the climate there, "I'd give a month's pay for a smell of Falmouth Harbor. (Too much sun in the sunny South for me.)"

At Lawrence High, Bill misses most of all the good times, the careful attitude he had there, and the splendid guidance of Mr. Marshall. "He was a swell friend."

When asked how he enjoyed the food, he replied, "The chow is good, but not like home."

"My plans for the future are none at present. We've got a job to finish first." (Photography was Bill's biggest joy while in high school.)

\* \* \*

EDWARD S. WIXON, S 2/C  
San Francisco, Calif.

Ed has been in the service for about ten months, and his present duties aboard a heavy cruiser are working on deck and working a scuttle from which powder is passed during a battle.

He says, "The climate is a little too hot, but the scenery is beautiful; however, we get plenty of swell food, including butter."

The subject that is most useful to him at present seems to be English. He states, "The reason for its being my most useful subject is that you must express your answer or thought right and quickly the first time."

"The military training that I received at school helped me considerably. In training I didn't get mixed up in drills, though it was a bother for some other fellows."

(During his years in L.H.S., Ed was very much interested in aviation.)

\* \* \*

RAYMOND PALTZ, S 1/C  
San Francisco, Calif.

Ray's most interesting experience in the Navy was meeting one of his very good friends, Richard De Mello. "Since we were both stationed in the same camp, we had a great deal of fun."

He's been in the Seabees for a year and is now overseas on an island in the North Pacific.

"The food is swell," he exclaimed, "and I've gained twenty-six pounds. As for the climate,

well, it is much different. You get used to it, though, after you have been there awhile."

What Ray misses most at Lawrence High is all his classmates (girls), teachers, school sports, and those special talks with Mr. Marshall, "alone".

"I was able to take military drill at L.H.S. and it helped me most while in boot training. Why? Because you have that much over the fellows who know nothing about it. It also helps because you have so much to learn in a short time and while your mates are learning how to march, you can be studying something else."

His plans for the future are as follows: "First we must win this war; then I hope to get a good job; and then comes married life and settling down."

(While at Lawrence High, Ray was a very popular lad. Not only was he the president of his class last year; but also star L.H.S. quarterback, active *Lawrencian* circulation manager, and an outstanding basketball player.)

\* \* \*

ALVAN L. NICKERSON, R.D.M. 3/C  
New York, N. Y.

Military drill helped Alvan a great deal when he was in boot camp. He says, "I think that every high school boy should try to get all the military training he can, because, if he ever goes into any branch of the service, it will help him a lot."

There isn't any one thing he misses most at L.H.S. "I miss Lawrence High as a whole," he replied. "I do wish I were back with the old gang again."

He writes that the food in the navy is the best you can get. "It isn't just like it was at home, but I'm still alive and in good health."

His most interesting experience occurred one afternoon while he was sailing along very nicely. All at once they ran across a submarine. "We made some run on it," stated Alvan.

The subject that is the most useful to him is Math. "I would like to tell everybody," he said, "to try to get all the math he can, because you must know math to do just about everything. In other words, it is the basis of everything."

(Alvan was a popular member of his class while in high school. He was the star L.H.S. football center and also an outstanding basketball player.)

(Continued on Page 39)



# SPORTS

## P—Town Cops Tourney Trophy From L.H.S. —

## L.H.S. Five Takes Second Place Nook

### L.H.S. 40—NANTUCKET 25

Falmouth entered the tourney competition by wiping the floor with an over-ambitious Nantucket squad and thus definitely put in their bid for the trophy. N.H.S. held up fairly well until the third quarter. They were then put to the "fire test." Wilting under the ordeal, they fell back to finish the game with a mere 25 points, while L.H.S. had managed to tally 40.

\* \* \* \*

### L.H.S. 28—SANDWICH 23

The following evening in the semi-finals, the Red and White met a Sandwich team that had been really hot on the previous evening with its game against Orleans. Many thought that Sandwich would redeem its two previous defeats at Falmouth's hands.

This was not the case, however, for as in the previous evening, L.H.S. held only a scant margin until the third quarter when a sizzling offensive forced the Sandwich players out of the running. The beginning of the last quarter saw Falmouth ahead 34-17. In the last three minutes of play, an entire substitute team went in for Lawrence and continued doing a fine job, finishing the game 58-23 in Falmouth's favor.

\* \* \* \*

### P—TOWN 57—L.H.S. 43

More than 1000 spectators of the final game with Provincetown saw a near perfection game played by L.H.S. until the half. The quarter left P-town ahead one point; the half, four points;

### SEASON SCORES

LHS—43	Wareham—25
LHS—20	Bourne—22
LHS—30	Barnstable—51
LHS—59	Sandwich—18
LHS—42	Yarmouth 19
LHS—48	Oceanographic—22
LHS—54	Wareham—28
LHS—24	Bourne—25
LHS—42	Barnstable—41
LHS—33	Yarmouth—28
LHS—46	Sandwich—22
LHS—44.1	Opponents—30.1

but Falmouth fans unafraid. All present expected the usual third-quarter rally followed by a fourth-quarter swamping of the elegant Orange and Black, but this is where the Red and White fell down. They could not keep up the killing pace. Instead, they slowly but surely crumbled. Not that a rout ever occurred, but it was close several times.

The shooting was brilliant on both sides, foul shots practically a sure thing, over 70% of them dropping in, and every man on the team functioning in top shape, but still "no go" for L.H.S. There just wasn't any more spring left in the Falmouth offensive. They were "run out". Yet, is there any better way to go out than fighting superbly although wobbly?—Never, and it took the "Masters" to do it.

Provincetown ended up in its regular season nook, the top, and Falmouth in its, second. Thus closed a unexpectedly brilliant season.

All participating in the tournament for L.H.S. played outstanding ball. Eld-

ridge, Douthart, Brown, Sullivan, and Hibbs, in that order, were the Falmouth stars.

The substitutes played well in the Sandwich game which ended with a halfway shot by Carswell which suggested the makings of another Joe Brown.

\* \* \* \*

### TOURNAMENT SCORES

	F.G.	Foul	T
Eldridge	22	4	48
Brown	13	7	33
Douthart	8	13	29
Sullivan	5	6	16
Hibbs	1	2	4
Dingwell	2	1	5
Nostrand	2	—	4
Carswell	1	—	2
Porter	—	—	—
Davis	—	—	—

\* \* \* \*

### TENNIS

Tennis is a sport with little following in LHS, but in many schools it is one of the highlights and an exciting finish to a sports year. It leaves nothing to be desired, being hard and fast; lightning fast when the players know what they are doing.

Mr. Fuller has given the go ahead for a tennis team. Probable representatives of the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore classes respectively are: Espey, Carter, Eldridge, and Nostrand. It is hoped that other members will join the ranks. Quite possible, too, is competition with other schools. These prospective games could easily be attended by spectators because games are played in the day time and in warm weather.

## VARSITY FIVE WINS 8 — LOSES 3

### L.H.S. 43 — WAREHAM 25

An off-Cape team which apparently lacked sufficient practice ran afoul of a well-armed Falmouth squad. Battered and nearly down, Wareham tried several times to prevent a complete rout, but the inevitable result was a shutout.

Packing the biggest punch, Douthart flipped 16 points with Eldridge panting hard at his heels with 15 points. Sullivan and Brown showed how a smooth defense works. They found time, in addition, to toss 4 points apiece. Davis also came through with 4 points.

Klette, Wareham forward, was a menace and almost welcome spark of resistance which flared forth at intervals and finished the game with fourteen points to his credit. Maybe they will do better on their own court.

\* \* \* \*

### BOURNE 22 — L.H.S. 20

Before a capacity crowd, a fighting Bourne team showed a bit too ram-bunctious Falmouth outfit the price of a none too firm offensive and an excess of personal fouls. All this on their home court too.

This orgy of fouls cost LHS the game and possibly taught the homesters a valuable lesson.

Douthart, in what may become a habitual role, paced the crimson and white quintet with 10 points. "Elly" Eldridge was overshadowed by Ross, hard playing center for BHS.

Brown was "asked" to leave the floor in the last quarter after being a "bad boy", clouting an opponent for the fourth time in the game. His absence may well have hampered the home team's effort.

Frederici was the man directly responsible for the nose-out when he sank the two free shots allotted to him for a last minute foul.

\* \* \* \*

More than \$100 was added to the Red Cross Fund when L.H.S. quintet defeated the Oceanographic Five 53-44 in a post season game on March 24.

### BARNSTABLE 51—L.H.S. 30

For the first two periods on Jan. 24, a hard hitting five showed signs of running over a Barnstable team in Barnstable's home grounds, but Falmouth nerves apparently weren't steeled to the coming counter-offensive.

In the second half, B.H.S. began to romp over their favored opponents whose only defense then apparently was to start fouling. Because of this unfortunate habit, Douthart and Eldridge were both sent to warm the bench and Joe Brown came close to being given the same treatment. Apparently it was true, though, that the official's eye was particularly keen that night in watching for Falmouth fouls.

Sullivan did a firm defense job spoiling many slashing plays, but one man can't cover five. Besse, heretofore a Barnstable reserve, was put in forward and did an excellent job flipping 9 points. All credit to him. Brown was top L.H.S. man with 11 points, although his usual scintillating form was lacking.

It is safe to assume, though, that B.H.S. will take a drubbing here on the 18th of February.

\* \* \* \*

### L.H.S. 59 — SANDWICH 18

Finally coming up to expectations, the Lawrence High "Swish Boys" took to their home floor as a duck to water. Floored as if by a tornado, the Sandwich boys (who had just been rated "team of the week") took to their storm cellar and stayed, reappearing several times just long enough to be forced back by the crimson and white storm which continued to rage as violently as ever.

The slashing attack was led by that vivacious pair, Douthart and Eldridge, complemented by Brown and Sullivan's sturdy defensive efforts and spectacular long shots. Throughout the contest "Marshie" managed to pocket a total of 27 points, followed by his customary running-mate, Eldridge with 14 points. Brown and Sullivan tallied 8 and 6 points each.

### L.H.S. 38—YARMOUTH 21

Engaging a sturdy Yarmouth squad, the Fullermen crippled their opponents in the first part of the game. Flailing the still resisting Dartmouthites, the "rollicking five" shattered all their hopes of a last quarter recovery.

Eldridge and Douthart were in the thick of the fray. "Elly" hit the hoop for 13 points and "Marshie" for 10.

The usual dazzling defense job was done by Brown and Sullivan, specialists in breaking up "offensive" plays. "Howdy" Ellis made his scoring debut, being responsible for 7 points which was a good record for a foreign floor and unfamiliar backboard.

\* \* \* \*

### L. H. S. 47 —

### OCEANOGRAPHIC 22

In a snappy bit of competition, the L.H.S. "Swish Boys" registered a new win against a humbled Oceanographic team at the L.H.S. gymnasium. Some crack ball handling was seen on both sides, but the Oceanographic quintet could not muster enough snap to put them in the running.

Douthart and his usual shining ball tossing were responsible for 14 points. Brown, apparently feeling unusually frisky, hit the net for 13 points. For the first time, Carter showed an ability to net more than two points, sinking a total of six.

\* \* \* \*

### THANKS!

To Mr. Fuller and to Mr. Marshall who had the vision to see the value of Sports and the interest in school spirit to spend time in trying to obtain games for us, I would like to extend a sincere expression of our thanks on behalf of this year's football squad.

We hope our basketball record has supported their faith in the athletes of L.H.S.

*Bruce Espey, Sports Editor, '44*

# BOURNE TOPS VARSITY FIVE, 25 — 24

## L.H.S. 54 — WAREHAM 28

In a repeat performance, a whirlwind Falmouth outfit met and scalped a Wareham team already crushed once in a previous game at Falmouth. This rout was the result of teamwork.

Douthart, galloping forward, pitched 20 points, only eight less than the entire Wareham team. Sullivan, playing forward for the evening and feeling very frisky indeed, ended up with 15 points to his credit and Eldridge was right behind him with 12 points. "Elly" in particular burned up the floor in the last quarter, snatching the ball out of the hands of startled Wareham players time and again. Carter backed up Brown's defensive efforts in a very efficient fashion.

Klette as in the previous game was the outstanding opponent with 16 points to his credit.

\* \* \* \*

## BOURNE 25 — L.H.S. 24

In what will undoubtedly be Falmouth's closest game of the season, the Bourne and L.H.S. court warriors dealt each other staggering body blows in an attempt to break each others offensive or defensive power. Bourne was most successful in these attempts. A rock strong defense prevented Falmouth from even getting too near the basket.

Excuses have no place in a ball game, but it's my sad feeling that certain members of the team were lacking in offensive spirit. Sullivan who was put to the acid test allowed his opponent Gagnon to score during the first half. In addition, and undoubtedly of more importance, he failed to make even one field goal as he customarily does. Apparently he just hit the skids and couldn't stop.

In the second half, Gagnon gave Eldridge the run-around, scoring nine more points, but "Elly" did fight back with nine points to our credit in addition to playing a good defensive and offensive game.

Douthart who was also squelched, managed only one field goal. It is true

though that he was straffed early in the game and the resulting cut lip would hamper any player. It is definitely to his credit that he continued to play at all. Being star player, it was a regrettable accident but, as far as that goes, the whole game was.

Brown came through with flying colors, netting nine points, and playing a brilliant defensive game, but one man could not stop the flood. Ellis also played a sturdy game, all the better, because the game was not at Falmouth.

\* \* \* \*

## BASKETBALL

Intra-mural basketball teams have been organized and games were played before the regular season started in January. The scores in games played are as follows: Juniors 29, Seniors 20; Seniors 51, Sophomores 9; Seniors 41, All Stars 8; Juniors 39, Sophomores 10; Juniors 45, All Stars 4; Sophomores 36, All Stars 14.

The approximate teams are:

<i>Seniors</i>	<i>Juniors</i>
DeMello, RF	RF, Carter
Espey, LF	LF, Van Voast
*Douthart, C	C, Eldridge*
Brown, RG	RG, Davis
Carswell, LG	LG, Dingwell
	Farrell
<i>Sophomores</i>	<i>All Stars</i>
Roberts, RF	RF, Silva
Cash, LF	LF, Lord
Baker, C	C, Bailey*
*Carlson, RG	RG, Doyle
Vincent, LG	LG, Castle
Towers	Beauchemin

\* Represents team captains.

No.	Fd.	Fl.	Tl.	G.P.	Ave.
21 Douthart	48	17	113	8	14.12
12 Eldridge	39	6	84	8	10.50
5 Brown	24	5	53	8	6.62
17 Sullivan	18	6	42	8	5.25
6 Ellis	5	2	12	7	1.71
11 Carter	4	1	9	7	1.28
81 Davis	3	1	7	7	1.00
4 Dingwell	0	0	0	0	0.00

## SPORTS IN WARTIME

Sports have become one of the most important single factors in the war effort. Well regulated games turn out physically better boys than can be developed by any other method. That's why, when forced to fight, American men have always been such excellent physical specimens.

From the standpoint of morale sports affect not just the participant but the whole school and even the entire town to some extent. Why? Partly because in these times people seek and need something to take their minds off the war and partly because, whether they realize it or not, Sports and Democracy are nearly synonymous, standing for doing things not because you want to but because you want to for the good of all, in a word—teamwork, clean fun, and sportsmanship, the thing Americans have always been noted for. Such competition should not be allowed to peter out. True, it's a problem in the smaller schools in these trying times to organize sports but the value far outweighs the trouble involved.

\* \* \* \*

## GIRLS' SPORTS

### BOOTS AND SADDLE CLUB

The L.H.S. Boots and Saddle Club, although small in membership, enjoyed a few pleasant trips through the rolling hills of Hatchville early this fall. Those in club, under the supervision of Miss F. O. Carpenter, included Doris Lumbert, Horace Van Voast, Patty Bowman and Bruce Carswell. Plans are being made for the continuance of the club this spring.

\* \* \* \*

## SECOND TEAM SCORES

LHS—14	Wareham—18
LHS—17	Bourne—23
LHS—12	Barnstable—38
LHS—28	Sandwich—10
LHS—28	Yarmouth—39
LHS—8	Wareham—17
LHS—25	Bourne—28
LHS—23	Barnstable—22
LHS—45	Yarmouth—18
LHS—46	Sandwich—28





1943 L.H.S. FOOTBALL SQUAD

*Third Row:* John Augusta, R.G.; Jehial Fish, L.E.; Frank Sisson; Fred Bishop, R.T.; *Bruce Carswell*, F.B.; John Doyle, Paul Roderick.

*Second Row:* *Donald Beauchman*, F.B.; Joseph Medeiros; Richard Cahoon, *Bruce Espey*, Q.B.; *Ernest Silva*; *William Roberts*; William Oliver; Mr. Fuller, Coach.

*First Row:* Marshall Douthart, R.E.; *Sumner Baker*, L.T.; *Merle Davis*; Elwood Eldridge, Q.B.; Pete Beiley, R.H.B.; Richard Bowman, L.H.B.; Vincent Duffany, L.T.

*Italics indicates Basketball participation.*

## FOOTBALL DIARY

*Bruce Espey, '44*

OUR first, last, and only football game, as you already know, was with Yarmouth. On that memorable day in November, we severely trounced Yarmouth 53-7. When the game was about to begin, it was obvious that the Yarmouth players thought that they had gotten hold of a "green" team, but it functioned as one would expect a team to after weeks of hard work. One other item. Our opponents had undoubtedly heard of Eldridge, but they probably didn't believe all that was said. These combined factors made the kick-off an unwanted surprise. Unfortunately, for them, their kick-off was excellent and the ball landed squarely in Eldridge's arms. He proceeded to run the ball back to within seven or eight yards of the goal line. Another running play was tried and stopped, and then Eldridge walked around his own right end for the first tally. The extra point was then gained by a successful pass to Douthart.

It would take pages to tell of each touchdown

and besides it's old news, so I'll tell a little about the individual players. Eldridge was undoubtedly the "spark-plug" of the team, but any team would have welcomed his fellow backfield men. Brown did an excellent job of line-bucking which threatened to smash Yarmouth's line more than once. Joe was never stopped by less than three enemy tacklers. In a similar way, Bowman showed both bucking ability and evasiveness ever when surrounded by would be enemy tacklers. In his capacity as line backer, center MacDougall stopped many a play. When it came to passes, Douthart was undoubtedly the outstanding receiver.

In general, the whole team played a fine game. There were no weak spots. Yarmouth's only score at the beginning of the game might be accredited to the fact that Falmouth was not yet warmed up, though Yarmouth certainly earned their points. Next year should show some real competition with the football material that will be available.

## NEWS FROM BOYS IN THE SERVICE

(Continued from Page 34)

RICHARD A. SAMPLE, S 1/C  
Camp Endicott, R. I.

Dick has been in the Seabees, better known as the United States Naval Construction Battalion, for the past year. His duties had to do with construction matters.

Military drill helped him very much. "I only wish I had had more of it!" he exclaims.

"What I miss most at L.H.S. are football and the girls. Of course, I miss the teachers too."

Dick's most interesting experience occurred aboard his ship on the way to——, somewhere in the North Atlantic.

"The food here is very good," he says, "but the climate is one thing that doesn't agree with me."

(At present, Dick, who was last year's football captain, treasurer of his class, a star basketball player, and who has just returned from Newfoundland, is stationed at Camp Endicott, R. I.)

\* \* \*

JOHN BALLARD, S 1/C (Q.M.) U.S.C.G.  
New York City, N. Y.

John's most interesting experience was his first day in the service and all that goes with it. He misses most of all at L.H.S. his many friends in the faculty and student body. At present he's assigned to sea duty as a quartermaster while awaiting for his shipping orders.

"The food is excellent," he states, "and the climate is the same as the Cape."

He has been in the U.S.C.G. for nearly ten months with no definite plans for the future.

P.S. "Just a reminder to anyone going into the service. During *basic* training remember, 'In your obscurity lies your security'."

(The Coast Guard apparently agrees with John for he has grown a foot, I mean an inch, and gained thirty pounds. John, last year's *Lawrencian* Sports Editor and Advertising Staff member, is the sole L.H.S. representative in the Coast Guard and has already received orders for active duty.)

\* \* \*

CARLETON WING, F 1/C  
New York, N. Y.

Carleton's most interesting experience thus far happened about a month ago while practicing shooting 20 m.m. guns with tracer bullets. "I hope that we will be able to use this practice to good advantage soon," he says.

Attached to the amphibious branch of the service, Carleton has been in the Navy since March 3, 1943. He works not only in the engine room but also on a 20 m.m. gun.

He states that the food varies from place to place, but at present aboard this particular ship, it is swell. The climate is also fair, something like home, only warmer. "What I miss most at Lawrence High is shop and my instructor, Mr. Merrill."

When asked what he intended to do in the future, he replied, "I don't know just what you mean by 'my plans for the future', but if you mean after the war, I intend to marry a certain girl and settle down."

(During his high school career, he spent much of his time in shop with Mr. Merrill.)

\* \* \*

LAWRENCE HARLOW, F 1/C  
San Francisco, Calif.

Larry is attached to a Destroyer Escort and has been in the service for a year. His present duty is an oiler who is in charge of a motor room.

"What I miss most at L.H.S. is: first, football; second, the fellows and girls I knew; and third, the teachers."

When asked whether he cared for the food, he replied, "I'd rather not say how I like the food."

"My plans for the future are to finish my education and then go into the construction business."

(While at L.H.S., Larry was one of the school's outstanding football players.)

\* \* \*

PVT. FRANCISCO TAVARES  
Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.

Frankie has been in the service for four months as a Pre-Aviation Cadet attached with the Army Air Forces. "My present duties are to drill all day, have K.P. twice a week, and guard duty once a week."

"What I miss most at Lawrence High are the students and friends I know, but most of all I miss my good friend and instructor, Mr. Robinson."

He states, "The food here is perfect; we couldn't ask for any better. The Air Corps personnel are the best fed soldiers in the world."

Frankie states, "that the subject which would be most useful to me would be Math, if I had taken enough of it."

"I have already made plans to stay with the Army Air Corps after the war, if I make good in what I plan to do. I am hoping I will make a pilot, for that is about the only thing I have planned to be."

(While in high school, Frankie was an excellent student in Agriculture.)

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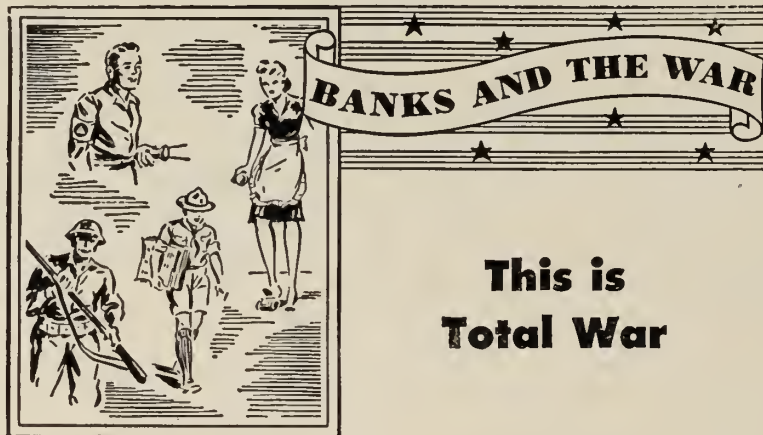
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